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The London budget of song

London

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100038.21

Control Number: ADD-9796
OCLC Number : 27479120
Call Number : W PN970.E5 LONBx
Title : The London budget of song.
Imprint : London : Printed for the Booksellers ; Brampton : R. Latimer, printer, [18--]
Format : 16 p. ; 20 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Second imprint from colophon.
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY
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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8|31|94
Camera Operator: CS

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THE

LONDON

BUDGET OF SONG.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE LONDON BUDGET OF SONG.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame,
And make the future bless thy name,—
Begin thy perilous career,
And walk thy way without a fear:
And if thou hast a voice within
That ever whispers work and win;—
If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed;
If thou canst struggle day and night,
And keep thy cynosure in sight;—
If thou canst dine upon a crust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust;—

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd;—
If thou canst toil, the long-live day,
At thankless work, for scanty pay;—
If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown,
And bear the treacherous embrace
Of those who run the selfsame race;—
If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
Whatever obstacles control,
Go on, true heart, thou'lt reach the goal.

But, if so bent on worldly fame
That thou must gild thy living name,
And hast not strength to watch and pray
To seize thy time and force thy way;—
If failure might thy soul oppress,
And make thee like thy soul the less;—
Should rivalry thy fame forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall;—
Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thy heart will break, thy brain will sear:—
Content thee with a meaner lot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

On the village green it stood,
And a tree was at the door,
Whose shadow, broad and good,
Reach'd far along the floor
Of the school-room, when the sun
Put on his crimson vest,
And, his daily labour done,
Like a monarch sank to rest.

How the threshold wood was worn!
How the lintel-post decay'd!
By the tread at eve and morn
Of the feet that o'er it stray'd—
By the pressure of the crowd
Within the portal small—
By the ivy's emerald shroud,
That wrapp'd and darken'd all!

That school-house dim and old—
How many years have flown

Since in its little fold
My name was kindly known!
How different it seems
From what it used to be,
When, gay as morning dreams,
We play'd around the tree!

How we watch'd the lengthen'd ray
Through the dusty window-pane;
How we long'd to be away,
And at sport upon the plain!
To leave the weary books,
And the master's careful eye,
For the flowers and for brooks,
And the cool and open sky.

Alas! where now are they—
My early comrades dear?
Departed far away,
And I alone am here!
Some are in distant climes,
And some in churchyard cold—
Yet it tells of happy times,
That school-house dim and old!

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

On that lowly village green
Where those happy school-boys play,
Oft sporting was I seen
In joyous childhood's day;
But that time seems now a dream,
A vision that has been.
Where are, then, my playmates fled,
That once sported on yon green?

Still the school-room gable bends
O'er that little quite pool;
But I miss my youthful friends,
Friends at that village school!
Far in distant lands some roam,
And some upon the sea;
Now I've sought my native home,
I find all are strange to me.

Oh! how little time has wreck'd
My home of life's young tide,
Tho' my spirit's flow is check'd,
And my heart has lost its pride!
Time has not been kind to me;
I feel what I have been,
Since I trod so gaily free,
A boy on that village green!

To rest in yon churchyard alone,
Is my first and fond wish now,
With no name to mark the stone
That covers my cold brow,
Oh! my life has been a dream,
A vision faintly seen;
Yet even now I happy seem
When on that dear village green!

THE RUSHLIGHT.

O! SCORN me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing:
'Tis true, I am not suffer'd to be
On the ringing board of wassail glee;
My pallid gleam must never fall
In the gay saloon or lordly hall;
But many a tale does the rushlight know
Of secret sorrow and lonely woe.

I'm found in the closely curtain'd room,
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
Are waiting to see a lov'd one die—
Where the doting child with noiseless tread
Steals warily to the mother's bed;—
I'm wildly snatch'd, and my glimmering ray
Shows a glazing eye and stiff'ning clay.

I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth:
She mournfully trims my slender wick,

As she sees me fading and wasting quick;
And many a time has my spark expir'd,
And left her still the weeping and tir'd.

Many a lesson the bosom learns
Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.
Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn me with contempt from the song I sing:
But, smile as you will, or scorn as you may,
There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

'WILL you walk into my parlour?' said a spider to a fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
You've only got to pop your head within side of the door,
You'll see so many curious things you never saw before!
Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pretty fly?

'Will you grant me one sweet kiss?' said the spider to the fly,—
To taste your charming lips, I've a curiosity.'
Said the fly, 'If once our lips did meet, a wager I would lay,
Of ten to one, you would not after let them come away.'
Will you, will you? &c.

'If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?' said the spider to the fly,
'Before you leave me to myself, to sorrow and to sigh?'
Says the fly, 'There's nothing handsome unto you belongs,—
I declare you should not touch me with a pair of tongs.'
Will you, will you? &c.

'What handsome wings you've got,' said the spider to the fly;—
'If I had such a pair, I in the air would fly!—
'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk;
You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.
Will you, will you? &c.

'For the last time now I ask you, will you walk in pretty fly?'
'No, if I do, may I be shot—I'm off, so now good by.'
Then up he springs—but both his wings were in the web caught fast;
The spider laugh'd, 'Ha, ha! my boy, I've caught you safe at last.
Will you, will you? &c.

'And pray how are you now?' said the spider to the fly,—
'You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly buy.
'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,
And you who into cobwebs run surely deserve you fate.'
Will you, will you? &c.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree,—
Touch not a single bough;—
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That plac'd it near his cot;—
There, woodman, let it stand,—
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,—
Ah! wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forebear thy stroke—
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O! spare that aged oak,
Now tow'ring to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy;
Here, too, my sister play'd—
My mother kiss'd me here—
My father press'd my hand;—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

When at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine;
That Heav'n in kindness give the grape,
To cheer both great and small—
That little fools would drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart,
That you may make your own.—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall,
That little fools will love too much,
And great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceiv'd you once,
Absolve poor human kind,—
Nor rail against your fellow man,
With malice in your mind;
But, in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall,
That little fools confide too much,
And great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same;—
Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,
Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer—
So shall your bliss not pall:
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

I've wander'd oft in childhood,
With playmates blithe and gay,
O'er flow'ry field and meadow,
And gather'd sweets of May;—
We've sported 'neath the elm tree
That grew beside our cot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

How well I can remember
The sports we used to play,—
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday;
And oft I sport, in fancy,
Within the self-same spot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

And ofttimes, in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond belov'd ones,
In childhood's home so dear;
But, waking from that slumber,
How chang'd I find my lot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
That they, at least in memory,
May live to bless the day

When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

MY MARION.

My own, my true-loved Marion,
No wreath for thee I'll bring;
No summer-gathered roses fair,
Nor snow-drops of the spring.
O! these would quickly fade, for soon
The brightest flowers depart:
A wreath more lasting will I give—
A garland of the heart!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
Thy morn of life was gay,
Like sunny stream that gently flows
Along its lovely way!
And now, when in thy pride of noon
I mark thee, blooming fair;
Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
And sunshine ever there!

My own, my gentle Marion!
Though this, a world of woe,
There's many a golden tint that falls,
To gild the road we go!
And in this chequered vale, to me
A light hath round me shone,
Since thou cam'st from thine Highland home,
In days long past and gone!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
Cold, cold this heart shall be,
When I shall cease to love thee still,
To cheer and cherish thee!
Like ivy round the withered oak,
Though all things else decay,
My love for thee shall still be green
And will not fade away.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A MAN whose name was Johnny Sands
Had married Betty Hague,
And though she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague;
For oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.

Says he, "Then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
I wish'd it long ago."
Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "My love, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force,
To push him in—he stepped aside,
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands."
"I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

THE WORLD IS ON THE MOVE.

THE world is on the move,
Look about, look about;
There is much we may improve,
Do not doubt, do not doubt;
And, for all who understand,
May be heard, throughout the land,
A warning voice at hand,
Ringing out, ringing out.

Though gloomy hearts despond,
At the sky, at the sky,

There's a sun to shine beyond,
By and by, by and by.
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
Shall be nigh, shall be nigh.

Step by step, the longest march
Can be done, can be done;
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one, one by one:
And, with union, what we will
Can be all accomplish'd still,—
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly, none! singly, none!

Brag and bluster float as froth,
O'er the wave, o'er the wave;
Gory treason, worse than both,
Fools may rave, fools may rave;
But the honest hands that link,
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use pen and ink,
Are the brave, are the brave!

Let us onward, then, for Right,—
Nothing more, nothing more;
And let justice be the might
We adore, we adore.
Build no hopes upon to stand;
For a People hand in hand
Can make this a better land
Than before, than before.

Our country bless'd with all,—
Look around, look around;
No tyranny nor bloodshed
Here is found, here is found;
So, with heart and voice we'll cheer,
The Queen we love so dear:
Let her reign in peace, not fear
From those around, those around.

THE RISING SUN.

On a rocky cliff I stood,
And the ocean wash'd its base;
A prospect broad and good
The faithful eye could trace;
Not a cloud obscur'd the sky,
The dawn was bright and fair;
Nature, slumbering seem'd to lie
Unruffled by the air.

In the east the rising sun
Display'd his golden crest;
His daily race he had begun
T'ward the glowing west.
O'er the waters of the deep
His glitt'ring rays he shed,
While the sparkling billows leap
From out their liquid bed.

See where bright Aurora twines
Her tresses round her brow,
As the rugged lofty pines
With admiration bow:
Dewy mists, in sportive play,
Their glitt'ring veils unfold;
Like happy spirits, flee away
In tints of molten gold.

Gentle zephyrs float around,
And murm'ring surges meet,
Blending their notes of sound
In music wild and sweet.
How the grateful bosom burns
With wonder and with love,
As the soul in rapture turns
To brighter scenes above.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

Old English Hospitality!
There's something in that sound
Still dearer to ev'ry native heart
Within Old England found!
Tho' pleasure wait at fortune's call,
The poor may claim their part;
For there's a wealth more dear than all,
The riches of the heart!
Oh! the honest welcome, frank and free,
Which marks the lib'ral hand!
The brave old Hospitality
That charms our native land!

Old English Hospitality!
On ev'ry shore is heard,
Far as our flag hath sweept the sea,
Each long familiar word!
The chieftain in his mountain home,
The peer in his halls of state:
Where'er the foot of a man may roam,
Though but the Cotter's gate,
Still lives that charm they ne'er forget,
From age to age the same;
Old customs, that keep holy yet
The light of England's fame!

Let Florence vaunt each classic shrine,
Greece sing of glories fled,
Old England with a grace divine
Still lifts her stately head!
For she hath treasure yet untold,
A triumph ever near,
Whilst round her, in heroic mould,
Her generous sons appear!
Then fill the golbet high, ye free,
And cheer whilst round ye stand;
Here's English Hospitality!
God bless the lib'ral hand!

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

THE battle strife was over,
And silence reign'd around,
Save when some martial rover
Patroll'd the corse-strewn ground,
Yet wand'ring o'er that gory plain,
One sought her lord amidst the slain;
His duty call'd him to the fray,
Then peace and hope lost she,
And, 'midst the horrors of the day,
His spirit sought the free.
He slept! he slept, in quiet with the dead!

She found him calmly resting,
As in a happy dream;
She felt as she was breasting
The battle's fiercest stream:
Then wildly round his form she clung,
While winds a mournful requiem sang;
And mis'ry breath'd in every tone
That bade her spirit bow;
She felt that she was left alone,
To tread a desert now!
He slept! he slept, and she embrac'd the dead!

The morning saw her bending,
In fondness, though in pain;—
Her lease of life was ending,
Her heart's affections slain.
With one sad sigh her spirit fled;
The wife, the husband, both were dead!
A grassy mound upon that plain,
Beneath a pine-tree's bough,
Marks where war's victims met again,
And where they slumber now!
They rest, they rest, in peace amongst the dead!

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

HARK! 'midst the roar of an eager crowd,
For one dark purpose blending,
The cry of a helpless multitude
Is thence in pray'r ascending;
And negro forms are gather'd round,
Their cheeks with hot tears streaming,
Their limbs in iron shackles bound,
Their minds as fetter'd seeming,
'O! give us back our Rights,' they pray,
'That man from man has riven,
That Freedom which is your's to-day,
Our Birthright, held from Heaven!

The sale is on—and men begin
To sell their fellow creatures;
Yet he who made the whiter skin
Made those with darker features.
A premium on the stout and strong,
A tax on bone and sinew;
O! men with human hearts, how long
Shall this foul trade continue!
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

A child is from its mother torn,—
Hark! hear that shriek distressing!

A helpless girl is left to mourn
A parent's nightly blessing.
Another!—and the tend'rest ties
Of life are rent asunder;—
Hath Heav'n, in echo to those cries,
No crime-avenging thunder?
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

The sale proceeds—a loving wife
They from her husband sever;
But, ere the bargain's seal'd, a knife
Annuls the bond for ever!
The man, self-slaughter'd, yields his breath—
The wife dies broken-hearted!
Far happier to be join'd in death,
Then both in slav'ry parted.
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

'Who bids,' none care—the shrieks are drown'd
Beneath the auction's clamour;
They reach not those who hear no sound
Beyond the salesman's hammer;
Still louder grows the din around,
The biddings follow faster,
Till ev'ry slave at last has found
A tyrant, call'd a master.
'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

O! let us hope the day is near,
The dawn of brighter ages,
When slaves and slav'rs shall appear
But names in hist'ry's pages!
That man 'gainst man may ne'er combine,
In this inhuman manner,
And ev'ry star shall brighter shine
Upon the spangled banner!
Yes, let us hope that what we pray
To us may soon be given;
When all men shall be free as day,
That freely flows from Heaven!

LESS THAN A MAN.

When is a man less than a man?
When he leads or drive his friends
To danger, for his selfish ends,
And leaves them in the evil day,
To stand or fall as best they may;
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him, then we pity him,
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he makes a vow he fails to keep;
When without sowing he would reap;
When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
Sooner than work for an honest meal;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When, by misfortune, stricken down
He whines and maudles through the town,
But never lifts his strong right arm
To save himself from further harm;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he acts the coward's part,
When he betrays a woman's heart,
And scorns, illuses and deceives,
The love that lingers and believes;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he takes delight in raising strife;
When he values honour less than life,
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten to the ray
Of the good time coming:
Cannon balls may aid the truth,

But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, boys;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledg'd stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming:
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

[There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
Abhor what may intoxicate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.]

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

Ope the window, let the air
Fan the fainting soldier's brow;
Never droop, then, in despair;—
Gloomy prospects brighten now.
Courage, brave hearts! you shall not suffer long—
Listen, oh list, list to the Nightingale's song!

Sweetly warbling o'er the billow,
Flies a pretty little bird—
Music's charms shall soothe your pillow,
Sweeter strains were never heard.
Courage, brave hearts, &c.

Hark! of golden hope she's singing—
Warbling of celestial things,
Heavenly consolation bringing,
Dropping balsam from her wings.
Courage, brave hearts, &c.

Home, and wife, and children dear,
In her melody you'll find—
Sorrow smiles with joy to hear
Of the dear ones left behind.
And, though death may raise his dart,
Still the Nightingale's sweet voice
Gently cheers the sinking heart,
Bids the parting soul rejoice.
List to the Nightingale's song!

SKYING THE COPPER.

As Mister B and Mistress B,
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot,
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce;
They could not at the time pronounce
If they were safe or shot!
They heard a voice from below—
Then all was still—then a rush of footsteps;—
The door open'd, and first rush'd in the frantic cat,
Steaming like a brewer's vat;
And then, as white as my cravat,
Poor Mary Anne, the servant.

Mary's explanation was as follows.

'We was, marm, in the washus, marm,
A standing at our tubs,
And Missis Brown was seconding
What little things I rubs;
"Mary," says she to me, "I say,"
And there she stops for coughin',
"That dratted flue has took
To smoking very often;
But, please the pigs," for that's her way of swearing in a passion,
"I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this fashion."

'Well, down she takes my master's horn,
I means his horn for loading,
And empties ev'ry grain alive,
To set the flue exploding;
"Lawk, Missis Brown," says I, and stares,
That quantum is unproper;
I'm sartin sure it cannot take
A pound to sky a copper."
"Before ever you was born," says she,
"I was used to things like these:
I shall put it in the copper-hole,
To burn up by degrees."

'So, in it goes, and bounce, O lawk,
It gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were cannoniz'd,
Like soldiers in a battle.
Up goes the copper like a squib,
And us on both our backs;
And, bless the tubs! they bundled off,
And split all into cracks.
Well, there I fainted right away,
And might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought
Me to with scalding water.

'I first look'd round for Missis Brown,
And sees her at a distance,
All stiff and stark, and looking dead
As anything in existence.
All scorched and grimed, and worse than that,
I sees the copper slap—
Right on her head, for all the world
Like a percussion copper cap.
So I gives myself to seramble up
The linen for a minute:
"Lawks, sich a shirt!" says I, "it's well
That master wasn't in it."

'There was bodies all split, and torn
to rags—
It was a sight most shocking:
Here was a leg, and there a leg—
I means, you know, a stocking.
Well, I crook'd her little fingers up,
And crump'd them well about,
And burn'd her nose with feathers,
As humanity points out;
But, for all as I could do
To restore her to mortality,
She didn't give a sign of a
Return to sensuality.

'A groan burst from her as she lay,
With a crazy sort of cry,
A staring at the washus roof,
Laid open to the sky;
She beckon'd with her finger,
So down to her I reaches,
And put my ear agin her mouth,
To hear her dying speeches.
Well, marm, you won't believe it,
But it's gospel fact and true,
The last words that she utter'd was,
"Where is the powder blue?"'

CAUTION.

Now I would strongly recommend
That, on a washing-day,
Gin-bottles, flasks, and powder-horns,
Be safely stow'd away.
When washerwomen's flues are
chok'd,
Be sure there's mischief brewin'—
If they don't sky your copper up,
They'll swallow your blue-ruin.
A crowner's jury sat upon
Her corpse that very night,
And found that Missis Brown had
died
Because 'it sarved her right!'

A SONG FOR A STORMY NIGHT.

THE winds without, in their midnight
rout,
Howl through our casement
drearily;
But sweet is our mirth, round the
social hearth,
When circles the wine cup cheerily;
With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Fill up the bowl, and stir up the
coal,
Make the flames mount bright and
cheerily;
We've right good cheer, and a
welcome here,
Tho' the fierce winds whistle wearily.
Yet, amid our glee, perchance
there be
Some near us pining wearily;
All nipp'd by the cold, some tra-
veller old,
May be trudging through snow
drifts drearily;
With a heigh ho, &c.

Show, then, a light from our window
to-night,
Let it gleam to guide him cheerily;
We've a chair and a jug, and a corner
snug,
When he comes to our door so
wearily;
With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Never shall it be said that we,
well fed,
By our fireside singing cheerily,
Could forget, this night, the bitter
plight
Of the thousands pining wearily!
Oh, throw open the door, to the
old and poor,
They shall all be welcome cheerily:
While there's bite or sup on our
board or cup,
They never shall pass by wearily;
With a heigh ho, &c.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breath'd,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeath'd,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.
So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened,
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank unto the Lord,
And to each of the twelve Apostles,
Who had preach'd his holy word.
And the reader dron'd from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies;
Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tow'r,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.

And the yule-log crack'd in the chimney,
And the Abbot bow'd his head,
And the flamelets flapp'd and flicker'd,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.
Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutch'd the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolv'd his soul.
But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, 'Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!'

A SLAVE TO THE BOTTLE WILL NEVER WED ME.

CONTENTED I live in my auld minny's cot,
And peace is a flower that I nurse near the spot;
Of fond true love offers I've had twa or three—
But a slave to the bottle will never wed me.

He may rouse up my cheeks, and the glance o' my een,
And rave till he tires 'bout my shape and my mien;
But a maiden I'll live, and an auld maid I'll dee,
Ere a slave to the bottle will ever wed me!
Contented, &c.

He may say he adores me, wae's me and alas!
What love can he gi'e, when it's a' in the glass;
For house, wife, or wee anes, he'll care na' a flea,—
O, a slave to the bottle will never get me!
O, he thinks it no sin to sit drinking a' night,
To come staggering hame in the face o' daylight;
A' tattered and battered, no worth a baubee,—
O, a slave to the bottle will never get me.
Contented, &c.

What a contrast he is to the douce sober man,
Wha lives in accordance wi' nature's first plan!
Wi' health on his cheek, and true love in his e'e,—
O, a slave to the bottle will never wed me.
Like a lion to labour, he loups wi' the lark,
And when he comes hame, 'tween the light and the dark,
Owre the fields and the flowers ring his whistle o' glee,
O, a slave to the bottle will never get me.
Contented, &c.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work of creation—the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

When he finds his bit biggin' baith
canty and clean,
Then he makes his fair wife as proud
as a queen;
Cracks his thumbs to the wee laughin'
tot on his knee,
O, a slave to the bottle will never
wed me.
Now ilk lassie wha langs to be ca'd a
guidwife,
Let a douce sober chiel be your part-
ner through life;
E'en take my advice, 'tis the best I
can gi'e,—
For a slave to the bottle will never
wed me.

Contented, &c.

O! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST ADIEU.

O! WHEN I breath'd a last adieu
To Erin's vales and mountain's blue,
Where, nurs'd by hope, my moments
flew,
In life's unclouded spring;
Though on the breezy deck reclin'd,
I listen'd to the rising wind,
What fetters could restrain the
mind
That rov'd on Fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,
When first I felt love's thrilling
pow'r,
From Kathleen's beaming eye:
Again I watch'd her flushing breast,
Her honey'd lip again was press'd;
Again, by sweet confessions bless'd,
I drank each melting sigh.

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss de-
plore,
And, lone on Erin's emerald shore,
In memory trace the love I bore?
On all our transports dwell?
Can I forget the fatal day
That call'd me from thy arms away,
When naught was left me but to say
'Farewell, my love—farewell!'

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY-MEAL.

ARGYLE is my name, and you may
think it strange,
To live at a court, yet never to
change:
To faction or tyranny equally foe,
The good of the land's the sole motive
I know.
The foes of my country and king I
have fac'd;
In city or battle I ne'er was dis-
grac'd;
I've done what I could for my coun-
try's weal;
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' bar-
ley-meal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to
you!
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle
and strife;
For myself, I seek peace, and an
innocent life.
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit
each scene
With Maggie, my love, in her rock-
ley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what plea-
sure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannock o'
barley-meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring
me a son,
He shall fight for his king as his
father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old
soldier's pride—
O! may he be worthy to wear't on
his side.
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd
native place;
I long for the smile of each welcom-
ing face;

I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I
can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barley-
meal.

WINTER.

Old winter is the man for me,
Stout-hearted, sound, and steady;
Steel nerves and bones of brass hath
he;
Come snow, come blow, he's ready;
If ever man was well, 'tis he;
He keeps no fire in his chamber,
And yet from cold and cough is free
In bitterest December.

He dresses him out-doors at morn,
Nor needs he first to warm him;
Toothache and rheumatis' he'll scorn,
And colic don't alarm him.

In summer, when the woodland rings,
He asks, 'What mean these
noises?'—
Warm sounds he hates, and all warm
things
Most heartily despises.

But when the fox's bark is loud;
When the bright hearth is snap-
ping;
When children round the chimney
crowd,
All shivering and clapping;—
When stone and bone with frost do
break,
And pond and lake are cracking,—
Then you may see his old sides shake,
Such glee his frame is racking.

Near the north pole, upon the strand,
He has an icy tower:
Likewise in lovely Switzerland
He keeps a summer bower.

So up and down—now here—now
there—
His regiments manœuvre;
When he goes by, we stand and stare,
And cannot choose but shiver.

KEN YE NOT, MY BLITHESOME BAIRNS.

Ken ye not, my blithesome bairns,
My love is Scottish Jamie,
Wha's luking for a bonny chiel,
That's wander'd frae his mammy;
That's wander'd frae his mammy,
Frae his mammy, frae his mammy;
Wha's luking for a bonny chiel,
That's wander'd frae his mammy.

O'er hill and dale, through bog and
mire,
I gaed alang wi' Jamie;
In bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
He woo'd me frae my mammy;
He woo'd me frae my mammy,
Frae my mammy, frae my mam-
my,—
In bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
He woo'd me frae my mammy.

Come bring, come bring your siller
here,
For ribbons, garters, glasses,—
Here's Jamie, fresh frae braw Dundee,
Wi' gear for pretty lasses;
Wi' gear for pretty lasses,
Pretty lasses, pretty lasses;
Here's Jamie, fresh frae braw Dundee,
Wi' gear for pretty lasses.

Come buy, come buy, my pretty maids,
And bring your siller here;
Here's Jamie, fresh frae braw Dundee,
Wha brings you muckle gear;
Wha brings you muckle gear,
Muckle gear, muckle gear;
Here's Jamie, fresh frae braw Dundee,
Wha brings you muckle gear.

Scarlet Fever.—The Balmoral petticoat is spreading—its red glories are radiating, and soon every town and village will blaze with its splendour.

JOHNNIE COPE.

Sir John Cope trod the North right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in a morning.
'Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are ye sleeping? I wou'd wit:
Make haste, get up, for the drums do beat;—
O fie! Cope, rise in the morning.'
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar:
'Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare:
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.'
When Charlie look'd the letter on,
He swore by his sword and his father's throne,—
'So heav'n restore me to my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

'Then Johnnie, be as good 's your word,
And let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frighted bird,
That's chas'd frae its nest in the morning.'
When Johnnie Cope got word o' this,
He thought it would na be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
Whate'er might hap in the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

And when he heard the bagpipes' din,
Good faith, thought he, it's time to rin;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bloody morning.
But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
He gallop'd off in the morning.
Hey! Johnny Cope, &c.

For all their bombs and bomb-granades,
They cou'd na face the Highland lads,
But to the hills scour'd aff in squads,
Pursued by the clans in the morning.
Sir Johnnie straight to Berwick rade,
As if the deil had been his guide;
Gi'en him the world, he wou'd na stay'd,
To have fought the boys in the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
'O! what's become of all your men?'
'The de'il confound me if I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning.'
Said Lord Mark Car, 'Ye are na blate
To bring us the news of your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait—
Get out o' my sight this morning.'

'In faith!' quo' John, 'I got my flegs,
With their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, de'il break my legs,—
So I wish you a good morning.'
Hey! Johnny Cope, &c.

Robert Latimer, Printer, Front Street, Brampton.